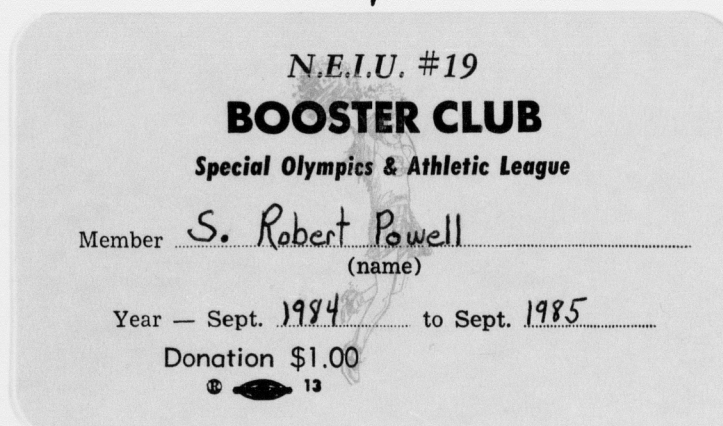


10-02-1984-p.1

8:54 AM - seated in the Library at the Forest City Regional High School, substituting for Mrs. Petrukan, the Librarian. No students in the various classrooms have just saluted the flag and we have just heard a very nice recorded performance of "The Star Spangled Banner." My schedule for the day looks easy - Library, Library, Library, Lunch, Library, Science, Preparation, Library, Library; Late Bus Duty. The principal, Lou Zefron, came in and said "Good Morning" and established his presence. He appears to be a no-nonsense type, with a clear preference for strict discipline. Three students have just sent me an NEIU booster club card for \$1.00: three nice guys whose names are Ray Oudarko, Robert Oudarko & Jerry Gervitz. When they first came into the library & gave them a hard time and made them do a sales pitch; they didn't know their product well & so I told them that when they could tell me more about what they were selling I might buy one. They went away and returned and told me that my \$1.00 donation would help buy gym socks and provide transportation to "away" basketball games. I bought one "membership" and that card is shown below. A new innovation



in my student sign-in procedure is to have them all sign one large paper & I will divide up the names by the number. Period one, for example, contained students #1 to #17.

Period 2 - a small handful of well behaved older students; what a sin since this "job" is. I could deal with this kind of assignment any day of the week. I am amusing myself by looking at large picture books on Rome & Venice. 12:35 P.M. - back from lunch & now the "late 4th" period eighth graders are taking a test. Lunch consisted of: pork patly, gravy, mashed potatoes, whole kernel corn, a peanut butter cookie, and a peanut butter & jelly sandwich. No sewing lady asked me if I wanted an extra pork patly & I said yes. She was making a point of being nice & even though I was not particularly hungry (lunch began at 11:33) I took two pork patties & ate them. In the faculty dining room I met Mrs. Kerl, who was very friendly. She is the mother of Laura's best friend. Mrs. Kerl told me I was doing a good job with the Historical Society and said that she and her family had been through the entire Pioneer Days' exhibit in City Hall.

10-02-84-p.2

Mrs. Kerl: "You're doing a good job with the Historical Society."

Last night at about 7:30 P.M., I telephoned JVB, who was sleeping when I called. It irritated me that a 19-year old would be sleeping at 7:30 in the evening - not because he was tired from "carrying on" in the manner of a 19-year old, but rather because he had worked for 8 hours in a glass factory, at minimum wage, packing pieces of glass all day. I became irritated, not at John, but at the society <sup>that</sup> made him channel all of his youthful energy into something so un/non-creative as packing glass. "No reason I'm calling," said SRP, "is to find out if you are still amongst the living, and also to tell you that there is a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Historical Society on Tuesday night." We chatted a bit and then John said: "Maybe I'll see you later." I went back about my business and at 8:30 John arrived, driving Elaine's gaudy Cadillac. He said when I opened the door: "Ok. Let's party," and handed me a 6-pack of Michelob. We sat on the platform by the kerosene heater and talked from 8:30 to 10:50 P.M. During that time, we each drank three bottles of Michelob. We talked about this or that for a bit and then I came out and asked: "John, how do you see the next five years of your life?" He seemed a bit taken aback by the question and hesitated considerably before making any kind of reply. I interrupted his silence by saying: "Perhaps I should answer that question before I ask you to answer it." I did and then John, in effect, said that he saw himself becoming a freelance Carpenter/handyman/jack of all trades. I told John that I thought that it was very necessary to have a master plan so that one did not waste any time. I told John that I thought that freelance work would be good for him because he had a particular inability to follow through on things. Said SRP: "You come on very very strong and then you fade quickly. You don't tend to like to do something/anything